

LITERARY CRITICISM AND BOOK NEWS

Jack London's Study of the Influences of Alcohol—A French Introduction to Meredith—An Encyclopædia of Fiction.

DRINK AND MEN.

JOHN BARLEYCORN. By Jack London. Illustrated by H. T. Dunn. 12mo, pp. 345. The Century Company.

The publishers of this extraordinary book compare it with De Quincey's "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," and not without good reason. That Mr. London was familiar with the drug slave's work when he began to write his own tale of subjection, battle and freedom regained is certain; and no less certain is it that in the planning of this work he profited by his reading. The difference between the two narratives is one of robust talent; the difference, also, between a man physically weak and one strong as a giant. The difference, finally, between two forms of intoxication. Jack London, too, has seen visions of the heights and descended into the City of Dreadful Night, where "life's a cheat, our death a black despair." But he has conquered, he tells us, and—here he has a purpose. He would forbid the sale of alcohol by law, and relies upon woman suffrage to bring this about: "The women know. They have paid an incalculable price of sweat and tears for man's use of alcohol. Ever jealous for the race, they will legislate for the babes of boys yet to be born; and for the babes of girls, too. And it will be easy. The only ones that will be hurt will be the toppers and seasoned drinkers of one generation."

A frank book, this, without the iridescent veil that has made De Quincey's revelations a work of literature first of all. Jack London got drunk for the first time in his life at the age of ten, when he had been sent to fetch a can of beer for his father ploughing in the field. He got drunk again a little later, on Italian wine, at a festival of some immigrant peasants. He gloried in the admiration evoked by his prowess in the rough crew around him. And right here he touches upon one of the causes of intemperance, the mistaken idea of the young that it is manly to drink, and drink deeply. He traces this idea through his own rise from the lowly and poor and overworked, the reckless and the adventurers of the selvedge of civilization, to the more cultured classes, whom, having sampled their culture, he has renounced to return to his own, to serve them according to his lights. The idea is still found at the top, at our universities, on social occasions where men gather together and unbend from the burden of the day's work.

Thus Mr. London approaches another potent cause of intemperance—sociability. John Barleycorn confronted him wherever he went, and asked the price of good-fellowship, if also of quarrels and violent death and suicide. Nay, more, his very livelihood, when still a child, depended upon his consumption of strong drink. When fourteen years old he was employed in setting up the tent-pins in a bowling alley. It was the "custom of the house" to treat the boys to beer in the course of their work. Mr. London asked for ginger ale once. He got it, but was warned that he might lose his job if he asked for so expensive a beverage again. Beer was cheaper. And he adds:

What I really liked in those days was candy. For five cents I could buy five "cannon balls"—big lumps of the most delicious lusciousness. Then there was a chewing taffy for five cents each. I required a quarter of a day properly to acquire each one of them. And many a day I made my entire lunch off one of those slabs.

Throughout his life, Mr. London informs us, he has never got over his physical leaching of alcohol, but "I have conquered it." The majority of heavy drinkers, he maintains, dislike strong liquor, their palates protest against it to the end; but they like its "kick," its effects. They are many. Among them that of reviving lagging physical energy. This strength John Barleycorn gives is not fictitious strength, we are assured. It is real, but it is manufactured out of the sources of strength. It must be paid for. Then there is the reaction from long stretches of overexertion, physical or mental, which alcohol helps men to tide over at the same usurious price. Mr. London does not write of the brutish drinker, who sleeps it off and is no worse mentally than he was before. He deals with "the good fellows that John Barleycorn gets—the fellows with the fire and go in them, who have bigness and warmth and the best of the human weaknesses. And John Barleycorn puts out the fire, and softens the agility, and when he does not more immediately kill them or make maniacs of them, he coarsens and grossens them, twists and malforms them out of the original fineness and goodness of their natures." And, last of all, there is the realm of alcoholic vision, distorted, unbalanced, but with exaltations as well as depressions all its own.

One wonders a little if Mr. London

does not underestimate the progress of temperance which has taken place in this country during the last quarter century, chiefly under economic pressure. However, *crede experto!*

It is in its subjective phase, and to this the narrative always returns, that the book stands apart in the literature of our own day. The author does not hesitate to tell his own story to the full, because he has a mission. This, at least, is the impression it leaves. He tells of drinking bouts along the San Francisco waterfront, alternating with long spells of voluntary as well as of enforced abstinence when at sea; of superhuman physical labor that drove him into intoxication, and of his incredible sustained mental exertion for the opportunity of gaining a higher education which, when it was achieved, demanded relaxation by the same means. It was not till long after he had become famous, successful and prosperous that the worst form of intemperance seized upon him, but here surrender was gradual; for long he would not drink until after he had done his daily stint of work, one thousand words. Then came the time when work was impossible without alcoholic stimulation of the brain. Thus began the real struggle with John Barleycorn, and Jack London won.

The opinion suggests itself, in reading this frank autobiography, that its author never was a drunkard in the full sense of the word, a born dipsomaniac. But here is his answer:

I am convinced that not one man in ten thousand, or in a hundred thousand, is a genuine chemical dipsomaniac. Drinking, as I deem it, is practically, entirely, a habit of mind. It is, in other words, a habit of the brain, or of the rest of the long list of drugs. The desire for alcohol is quite peculiar to man in its origin. It is a matter of mental training and growth, and it is cultivated in social soil. Not one drinker in a million began drinking alone. All drinkers begin socially, and this drinking is accompanied by a thousand social connotations. These social connotations are the stuff of which the drink habit is largely composed. The part that alcohol itself plays is inconsiderable, when compared with the part played by the social atmosphere in which it is drunk. The human is rarely born this way, who, without long training in the social relations of drinking, feels the irresistible chemical propulsion of his system toward alcohol. I do assume such rare individuals are born, but I have never encountered one.

It is a matter for the physiologists to pass upon. Mr. London's own opinion on the subject justifies, however, his faith in total abstinence through legislation brought about by women's votes. As a chapter, a phase, of an autobiography the book's deep interest is unquestionable. It is still another revelation of an exceptional personality.

MEREDITH VIA FRANCE

An Introduction to Him for French Readers, in English.

GEORGE MEREDITH. His Life, Genius and Teaching. From the French of Constantin Photiadès. Rendered into English by Arthur Price. 12mo, pp. vi, 235. Charles Scribner's Sons.

There is a story about Mark Twain's translating a portion of "Rock of Ages" into some foreign language and then from that back again into English. In his final rendering the title became "Oh, Very Old Stone." In his introduction to Meredith for French readers, M. Photiadès has dealt copiously in excerpts from the works of his author. No doubt he gave French translations of these for his original audience. If so, we do not wish that Mr. Price had brought these many and lengthy quotations back into English from this source; he, of course, writing for English readers, could not but return for the quotations from Meredith to the original text; but we think that much the most interesting thing to us about this Frenchman's work would be what he may have made out of Meredith in his own language. Introductions to and interpretations of Meredith already abound in English. This one contains nothing unique. It is not at all a piece of penetrating criticism, such as, for instance, Mr. Brownell's provocative paper; and the biographical matter is entirely familiar to practically all here interested in Meredith. A colorful portion of the volume, however, is the first chapter, "A Visit to Flint Cottage (23 September, 1911)," which is presented in the form of an "interview," dignified by the literary touch of a man of letters. The writer endeavors here to make manifest Meredith's "veneration for France," "I have no sweeter memory," he says, "than this old man so passionately enamoured of France."

M. Photiadès gives at some length his "opinion why George Meredith will never become a popular author;" and he studies "the innumerable reasons which prevent the diffusion of his works." We think he decidedly overdoes this idea. In America, at any rate, within the last few years the books of Meredith have had, we understand, a very fair sale. In his chapter on the genius of Meredith our author adopts an interesting and a somewhat curious method of procedure. He says:

How is it possible to give a portrait resembling Shakespeare or Balzac to one who has never read a line of either? A Sainte-Beuve would not succeed in doing so. In order to judge of an imagination it is necessary to have seen proofs of it. Therefore, these weary ourselves with epithets, or approximate definitions, it seems preferable to relate some one of these beautiful stories, giving quotations which will serve as data, and will extend to the reader, as through a screen, a glimpse of the splendor of the original.

So, selecting "Harry Richmond" as the specimen of Meredith "which we can summarize without in any way doing an injustice," he gives by alternate quotation and paraphrase the entire novel. These cementing sections of paraphrase, though skillfully done, rather quaintly suggest those synopses of what has gone before frequently used at the head of new instalments



JACK LONDON, AUTHOR OF "JOHN BARLEYCORN"



MRS. GENE STRATTON-PORTER, AUTHOR OF "LADDIE"



HALL CAINE, AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN THOU GAVEST ME"

of serial stories. Our author draws largely upon English writers in this introduction to Meredith, and ends by comparing him with Shakespeare, to whom, he says, "bears a greater resemblance than any other novelist."

FICTION INDEXED

A New Bibliography of Imaginative Literature.

A GUIDE TO THE BEST FICTION IN ENGLISH. By Ernest A. Baker, M. A., D. Litt. New edition, thoroughly revised and enlarged. Square 8vo, pp. xii, 313. The Macmillan Company.

This new edition of Mr. Baker's "Descriptive Guide to the Best Fiction, English and American," published in 1903, is practically a new work. Not only has it been enormously enlarged in the mere matters of numbers—it registers, with descriptive notes and other bibliographical data, between 7,000 and 8,000 novels—but its scope has also been expanded, especially in the matter of the fiction of foreign countries available in translation. Finally, it includes the great literatures of Europe and those of India, China, Japan, Persia and Arabia as well.

It is the index, however, that gives this encyclopedia of fiction in English its value to literary workers, librarians, publishers and booksellers. This index does not merely register names and titles, but also places references, historical allusions, names of outstanding characters, and topics, which in this day of the fictional discussion of all problems and conditions of life, is of the utmost practical aid. The brief notes accompanying the novels recorded are descriptive rather than critical. In fact, in the case of authors of the prominence of Henry James, for instance, the notes clearly indicate that Mr. Baker presupposes a certain knowledge of their work in general on the part of those who consult his book. The index is the work of Mr. Baker's wife and daughter, to whom he dedicates this "Guide." They have earned the distinction, as they will earn the thanks of all who have occasion to consult these many pages.

NEW FRENCH BOOKS

Paris Society—Under Louis-Philippe—New Fiction.

Paris, August 12. Count Rodolphe Apponyi, who was attached to the Austrian Embassy in Paris from 1826 to 1851, kept a diary which, in the form of letters to his father's second wife, Countess Antoinette Apponyi, gave news and social gossip day by day. The second volume of the diary, edited by Ernest Daudet, is now published by Plon. It covers the period from 1831 to 1834 and supplies a bright, picturesque sketch of fashionable life of the time, giving a number of fresh anecdotes about prominent men and women of the court of Louis-Philippe. The Hungarian diplomat occupied a front seat in the orchestra at the first representation of Hugo's "Le Roi s'Amuse." Two-thirds of the public were partisans and "claqueurs" of the poet. A great many students attended, and these saluted those who wore the aristocratic powdered wig with shouts of derision and hisses. Among those so treated was the Duc de Talleyrand, who was greeted with "Down with the Academician!" "Put the old powdered wig man out!" M. Apponyi found the play very *baroque* (uncouth), declared that "this degeneracy of the romantic school was ridiculous," and predicted that Victor Hugo and his colleagues would fall into utter absurdity and oblivion! He notes the great success of Fenimore Cooper's novel "The Bravo," which "gives truthful descriptions of Venice with original American reflections." At a literary soirée given by the Marquise de la Bourdonnaye, he noted Balzac, "a big, awkward man with vulgar appearance," and Victor Hugo, "with puffed face, who didn't know what to do with his arms and legs."

Then there was Eugène Sue, of "agreeable countenance, and with a beard shaped like a shirt collar, and who didn't talk so loud as the other literary chaps who were present." Later the Hungarian refers to Chateaubriand, in whose "Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe," then just published, "it would be impossible to collect more self-conceit, impudence and presumption." Chateaubriand was "a poet gone mad." After this comes a brief review of the "Mémoires de Gouverneur Morris," of which we are told: "I never read a more interesting book than these observations of a man of well-balanced mind, who never imagined genius without common sense, nor liberty without order."

An entry in the diary on May 29, 1834, notes that "the Marquis de La Fayette died at 5 o'clock this morning. When this renegade of a marquis realized that he was about to die he told his valet to bring from his chateau of La Grange a barrel of loam that he had brought with him from Virginia. 'I am going to die on a free soil,' he said, and then scattered the American

earth on his bed, and after lying down upon it put more American soil on his stomach, and a few hours afterward died as he had lived—that is to say, as a comedian." The third and fourth volumes of these journals will shortly be forthcoming.

"La Crinoline Enchantée"—"The Magic Crinoline"—is the suggestive title of a novel based upon historical anecdotes and gossip of the court of the Tuilleries during the Second Empire. The author, M. Albert Boissière, deals with Napoleon III in much the same way as Dumas treated Queen Margot and Tuilleries.

C. I. E.

FIRST OF THE AUTUMN NOVELS

A Trio of Best Sellers: Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter, Hall Caine and Rex Beach—Short Stories of Great Literary Distinction.

A GENEROUS STORY.

LADDIE. A True Blue Story. By Gene Stratton-Porter. With illustrations in color by Herman Pfeiffer. 12mo, pp. 62. Doubleday, Page & Co.

There is nothing stinky about the author of this tale. Mrs. Stratton-Porter evidently believes that a good deal of a good thing is much better than that little which often is said to go such a long way. Here in over six hundred big pages is enough story for two or three entertaining and popular books. There are two weddings at one church at the same time. And several others go before. There are fairies to begin with; that is, for Laddie's Little Sister. She it is who tells the reader everything that happened, all in her own very attractive way. As there were already eleven in the family, Little Sister was not much "wanted," and Laddie was the only one who loved her at first. That is why she loved him blindly, shared his secrets and ran his errands. So, when he had a letter which he wished to send to a fairy Princess, who, he said, on a magic carpet in an enchanted wood made sunshine on dark days, she took it to the beech tree by the pawpaw thicket as directed, braving so many things, gypsies, snakes and even Paddy Ryan, who "had come back from the war wrong in his head." And who did the Princess turn out to be but Pamela Pryor, the English girl, considered by everybody around so "stuck up," whose father was an "infidel." Little Sister's parents were Methodists, and said that not to be a Christian was the very worst thing that could happen to you. Little Sister recites many hymns as well as much poetry out of "McGuffey's Sixth," and from other places, all apposite to the many things which she witnesses. She has an interesting family and many entertaining relatives, friends and neighbors.

Of the making of books about Indiana life there seems to be, indeed, no end, but one may seek much further and fare a great deal worse than in reading this story. It is full of the scent of rustic nature, mingled sentiment with humor, romance with skilful pictures of a plain though picturesque life; it contains a little excitement now and then, plenty of Hoosieresque idealism and some mighty good chicken dinners.

HALL CAINE.

THE WOMAN THOU GAVEST ME. Being the Story of Mary O'Neill written by Hall Caine. 12mo, pp. 385. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company.

Time was—it is now a quarter of a century ago—when Hall Caine seemingly gave a promise of great things to come. He was to be a sort of English Victor Hugo, working in strong whites and stronger blacks on large surfaces, magnifying the tragedies of life to gigantic proportions. The promise has not been kept, the expectation has remained unfulfilled. Mr. Caine chose to turn his talents to other, even more profitable purposes. The pretence of fiction as a criticism of life he has kept up, and still keeps up, but what he has really given us is lurid melodrama, distorted for the sake of sensationalism and the accompanying large sales. He has cultivated his bad taste till it has become colossal, and his popularity proves that there is an abundance of it in the world. Like calls to like. Bohemia, Denmark, Holland, Finland, France, Sweden, Germany, Hungary, Italy, Japan, Poland, Russia and Spain are to have the opportunity of reading this latest achievement of his in translation simultaneously with England and America. Even a Yiddish edition is reported to be in preparation.

"The Woman Thou Gavest Me" is professedly a protest against the divorce laws of England, and, still more pointedly, against the firm attitude of the Catholic Church on the subject. Hence elective affinities. It delves with

great pretence of investigation into the plight of illegitimate mothers seeking to support their offspring honestly, but driven to the streets by the exactions of baby farmers and the sternness of conventional morality. It grows offensive in its maudlin in its linking of motherhood with harlotry for the sake of an infant's medicine and food, and it twists character and circumstances to create what in dramatic circles has come to be known as "punches, punches and punches." Mr. Caine is at his old trick of "writing at the top of his voice." But he knows his international audience, and it knows him, and likes his shrieks, the louder the better.

Mary O'Neill is the daughter of an Irish-American, who, having become fabulously rich, has returned to his native place to claim connection with the famous clan of his name and entrench himself in its ancestral keep. She is taken from a convent school in Rome to be married to the real O'Neill. The marriage is one in name only, for she loathes the man. Then comes the hero of her heart, an explorer, an inconsequential hero, who is always at the South Pole when he should be within reach. Lest the reader should judge Mary harshly, a lady's maid is introduced whose sympathy is really responsible for her fall. Of course, the explorer is lost in the icy vastnesses when the woman discovers that exposure is inevitable. Thereupon she flees to London, where she seeks to support her child by sweatshop labor in the East End. At the end of her resources, her baby sick and without proper attendance, she goes out into the London streets one night, but only to meet her soulmate, who has just returned home. There remains, however, the Catholic Church's law against divorce, even after the law of the land has set her husband free. For Mr. Caine's purposes, he is an Irish Protestant.

This is, of course, only the baldest outline of a most complicated plot, all of whose characters, like their author, shriek at the top of their voices in all their opinions, prejudices, convictions and actions. That the book will prove a best seller can hardly be doubted. It is written according to the now popular recipe, which has sent the long list of his earlier stories through editions innumerable.

A "CLASSY" GIRL.

GERTRUDE. A Novel. By Edward Hungerford. Frontispiece by George Brehm. 12mo, pp. viii, 385. McBride, Nast & Co.

This says the author, is "the chronicle of an average American family." It is an excellent piece of work, an uncommonly wholesome and thoroughly interesting book of sober fiction. As for Gertrude, the backbone of this excellent family, we quite agree with another admirer of hers, young Harry Bushnell, that she is indeed a very "classy girl." We were a little embarrassed, though, at first, in the presence of such a rather unusual heroine. Thick-lensed glasses rode pertly on her lovely nose. And she was decidedly "high brow." We met her reading Motley's "Dutch Republic." Carlyle's "French Revolution" she liked as much as French ice cream, and "The North American Review" was her favorite magazine. Cynthia, who went in for flirting and the "movies," and absorbed the works of Messrs. McCutcheon and Randolph Chester, struck us as putting one to much less of a strain. But when the cotton trade released Mr. Joel Paddie from the business necessary to support his fairly expensive family, and Uncle Micajah died, bequeathing to him the Union Hotel at Oldtown, whither the family found it advisable to go, then Gertrude came out wonderfully. She became her father's "sweetheart"; the Union Hotel was transformed into the Green Tree Inn; she met tragedy and conquered, and love crowned her queen. Various aspects of New York

and the village of Oldtown are faithfully portrayed.

ABOARD THE LUGGER.

THE LADY AND THE PIRATE. By Emerson Hough. Illustrated by Harry A. Mathes. 12mo, pp. 436. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

When a man who woos in vain takes to piracy with the obdurate lady's little cousin, he may see more in the game than he expected, and take to playing it in real earnest. Thus it comes to pass that a man of standing and substance, in his thirtieth year, becomes Black Dan the Avenger, and captures in the Mississippi River his own yacht with the aid of those two desperadoes, Jean Lafitte, fourteen years old, and Henry L'Olonis, *ad. suae XII*. Be it understood that the refractory lady is aboard the boat, chaperoned by her aunt, as the guest of its owner's friend and rival, Cal Davidson, who has chartered it for the summer. Here is what appears to be real piracy, a run down the river to the Gulf, pursuit by the mystified Davidson in a motor boat, the country alarmed, the newspapers provided with first page stories, and a shipwreck in prospect. The two boys have a glorious time, playing the game enthusiastically, while Black Dan preaches his suit with piratical persistence, assisted in the crisis by the faithful dog Partial, who loves them both. It is a clever idea, carried out with considerable dash and humor and romance, but the author has not been able to efface altogether the traces of the hard work it has cost him to write the book.

A MAJESTIC SETTING.

THE IRON TRAIL. An Alaskan Romance. By Rex Beach. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 251. Harper & Brothers.

We cannot rid ourselves of a vague impression that in some former novel reading existence we have lived through much of the romantic and adventurous incident of this story. We seem to recall a scene of shipwreck at night, wherein the hero of the occasion, clutching our sympathy by the hair, as it were, and with a beautiful woman totally unknown to him supported in his right arm, has "by an infinite power of supreme resistance," refused to sink beneath the icy waters, and so daunted destiny into fetching rescuers. The waters, however, into which Mr. Beach casts us are uncommonly icy. And if his hero, dreamer of dreams, commander of men, builder of bridges and royal good fellow; his villain, of callous cynicism and a voluptuary; and the ladies who here love and doubt and contend all know a rather familiar cast, still he knows a whole lot more than we should say, most of us do about Alaska. This, as alluring and well mastered setting, gives a measure of vigor to the tale. The opening up of a majestic country by railroads, unlocking its realm of natural wealth by the key of the "iron trail," is the real theme of the story. The author pictures a Homeric struggle against natural obstacles, and the bitter clash of business rivals. His love and humor here are in interest things merely by the way; his humor, indeed, strikes us as considerably in the way, but he has added another chapter to the fictional history of the development of the fabulous riches of the nation's youngest domain.

FOR THE CULTIVATED READER.

THE HAND OF PETRARCH. And Other Stories. By T. R. Sullivan. 12mo, pp. 240. The Houghton Mifflin Company.

This is an uncommonly dignified book of contemporary fiction, one for the cultivated reader alone. The fitting and simple distinction of its printed page probably would frighten away any other. Messer Enrico Capra, the goldsmith of Bergamo, in the year 1374 a famous man, and his profound devotion

to the noble and illustrious Petrarch are the concern of the opening story of the volume, a piece of literary craftsmanship wrought with a care and skill not unlike that, we picture, spent by the good goldsmith upon a fine crucifix. This, of the master's tomb: "This rude sarcophagus of red marble, raised upon four short columns above the level of vulgar life, to dignify the barren place and be its glory and its ornament till time should cease and earthly honor sweep into oblivion!" Other of the stories here are modern in setting and very cosmopolitan in range. Paris, London, an isolated American island and modern Rome supply the background for various tales; short narratives they are, rather than examples of that recent scientific invention—spelled with a capital letter and a hyphen—the Short-story. All are interesting and are instinct with literary good breeding.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Current Talk of Things Present and to Come.

William De Morgan has at last decided upon the title of his new novel. It will be called "When Ghost Meets Ghost," and will be published by Henry Holt & Co. late in October or early in November.

Old Ballads.

It is possible that Professor C. A. Smith's plan for the collection in the Virginia mountains of survivals of old English and Scottish ballads may produce some interesting variations not discovered by Professor Child. Professor Smith has found some of these existing in oral tradition among the mountaineers, and has inspired the Virginia school teachers with the ambition to search for others. He will himself edit these survivals and publish them in book form. It will be, we imagine, a slender volume.

Lang's Last Editorial Work.

"The Strange Story Book" which is announced as one of the publications of the holiday time, is the last of the delightful series edited by Andrew Lang. It was in type when he died and his widow has revised the proofs.

The South and the West.

"Our Southern Highlanders" is the title of a book in which Mr. Horace Kephart has described in all seriousness a region and a people not often dealt with except in novels. The author has known them well for many years. The Outing Publishing Company is bringing out the book. In October this firm will publish "The Trail to Yesterday," a picturesque novel of Western life, by Mr. Charles A. Seltzer.

An Italian Adventure.

Miss Gertrude Hall, whose short stories are known to magazine readers, is about to publish a novel, "The Truth About Camilla." The heroine is, we believe, the beautiful Italian girl, some of whose experiences have been narrated by the author in scattered chapters contributed to "The Century." Another forthcoming novel from this house is Miss Maria T. Davies' "Tinder Box." It is a humorous story of a fair Southern girl who asserts what she feels is the right of her sex to propose marriage to the man of her choice.

Worse than the Tango?

The comfortable sum of \$125—approximately \$625—has just been paid in London for an uncopied copy of the original edition of Byron's denunciation of "The Waltz." Copies of this edition are very rare, and this price shows a notable leap in value, one having been sold two years ago for only \$320. Byron wrote the poem under the guise of "Horace Hornem," who had decorously settled down in life as the hus-

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

list of authors is an imposing one.

Allice Brown

R. M. Hallet

Margaret Cameron

Albert Bigelow Paine

Katharine Fullerton Gerould

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

James B. Connolly

Dorothy Canfield

"The Mysterious Envelope"

wasn't so very mysterious after all but it spoiled one dinner party, made another a success, almost resulted in the arrest of two innocent people and put a British colonel in a position of some embarrassment. These happenings in the hands of George A. Birmingham, the Irish novelist, make one of the most amusing stories that has appeared in months. It is in the September Harper's. And there are

Seven Other Short Stories

in the September number—it is really a fiction number—and the list of authors is an imposing one.

Allice Brown

R. M. Hallet

Margaret Cameron

Albert Bigelow Paine

Katharine Fullerton Gerould

James B. Connolly

Dorothy Canfield

A Great Poem Story by John Masfield

No poet of recent years has been talked about, written about and discussed so much as John Masfield. He tells powerful and moving stories in verse, but as yet little of his work has been published in this country. In the September Harper's a most remarkable new poem by him appears. It is, in reality, a story told with exquisite art.

A Caravan in an African Desert

Dr. D. T. McDougall, the head of the Desert Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution, pictures most vividly a recent journey which he made by caravan over the hot sands of the great Libyan Desert—a journey full of strange happenings and discoveries.

Every Farmer His Own Capitalist

In Germany a man has worked out a new system of banking—a system by which the farmer becomes his own capitalist and the crops are handled with the money of the farmers themselves rather than by the big city banks. John L. Mathews writes of the interesting workings of this new plan.

Americanisms Real and Unreal

Another of Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury's delightful articles on our language, in which he settles some much-disputed questions and shatters some popular beliefs about Americanisms which are really not American at all.

Carthage—Once a Treasure Town

In all the Western Hemisphere there is probably no more romantic spot than Carthage, once the treasure town of the Spaniards—the only walled city of the Western World. William Hurd Lawrence pictures the city as it is to-day and contributes some remarkable drawings in color to illustrate his text.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's Great Serial

"THE CORYSTON FAMILY"

HARPER'S

MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

TRAVERS' GOLF BOOK

By JEROME D. TRAVERS.

Golf Champion of the U. S.

A richly illustrated guide to the royal game for novice or expert, by America's premier player.

\$2.00 net; postpaid \$2.16.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY,

Publishers, New York City.

HENRY VAN DYKE'S

THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY

A Book of Romance and Some Half Told Tales

RARE BOOKS & PRINTS IN EUROPE.

"ALL-OUT-OF-PRINT-BOOKS"